seemed to work quite smoothly and mechanically, without a hitch and I had only to read between the lines. I seem to remember having read somewhere in Emerson's *'Representative Men" in his chapter on Swedenborg the mystic, where he says that according to Swedenborg's views, regarding the manners and ettiquette that obtain in Heaven, it is considered bad breeding to use the direct method in conversation and also to look one in the face direct. Everything had to be conducted there, in an indirect way; everything askance. This seemed to have been just the condition in the Madras Lunatic Asylum, when I went there for the first time.

Moreover, the local language being Tamil, it all sounded a queer jargon to me, full of hard consonants, with scarcely any liquid sounds or modulations, to mellow their tone. How well did Gopal Bhat describe it, in Raja Krishna Chandra's court, as sounding something like the rattling noise, that came out of a dry cala-

bash-skin, when a few brick-bats were inserted
and shaken. How many lunatics came and
asked questions in their own native tongue, to
which I could only make answer by shaking my